# JOB.

## A TRANSLATION IN THE HEBREW RHYTHM.

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## A TRANSLATION
## IN THE HEBREW RHYTHM.

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"THE SONG OF SONGS, ACCENTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE POETIC SYSTEM. WITH A RHYTHMIC TRANSLATION."

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## Dedication.

TO MY DAUGHTER AND HELPER,

MRS. A. H. E. KEYES.

# PREFACE.

THE following Translation comprises that portion of the Book of Job to which the Massorites assigned the Accentuation known as the "Poetical," i.e., the portion which commences with Chapter III., verse 2, and ends with Chapter XLII., verse 6.

The six chapters which constitute the Episode of Elihu are, for reasons hereafter referred to, omitted.

Little preface, if any, appears necessary.

Each English line represents a Division of the main Dichotomy of the Hebrew verse.

It suffices to point out briefly that, inasmuch as each syllable of every Hebrew word enjoys its own "quantity," long or short, apart from the verbal accent (which, in certain cases, falls on a short syllable instead of the adjacent long one), whilst the English tongue is destitute of any regular prosody, depending on the accent for its cadences, it is clear that no mathematical precision of agreement, such as exists between bars of music, is attainable between the metres of the two languages.

Nevertheless, a consonance, a metrical approximation, can be obtained sufficiently close to fairly satisfy the ear,

and convey to a non-reader of Hebrew a substantially accurate idea of its rhythm.

No doubt, the English language derives an unusual facility in this respect from the monosyllabic character of its Anglo-Saxon element.

A work which, from radical causes, must thus inevitably be imperfect, can only be submitted by the writer with diffidence.

The vast majority of the Hebrew Divisions (=lines) consists of six, seven, or eight syllables, the number seven preponderating, but nine are frequently found, and as many as twelve and as few as three actually occur.

These are interspersed and mingled without any perceptible rule or reason.

Nor do those lines which contain an equal number of syllables exhibit any greater regularity in respect of the "quantities" of the latter.

The accent of the final word of the verse or Hebrew Division lies generally on the ultimate syllable, but very often on the penultimate, further variety being thus given to the effect.

This point has been carefully attended to in the translation.

The number of syllables in each line of English is the same as that in the corresponding Division of the Original.

It might be conceived that this uncertainty in the measure, coupled with the peculiarities here mentioned, would result in a jumble of sounds rather than flowing numbers, but such a supposition would be quite erroneous, as the reader will see.

The translation may, in parts, be considered somewhat free, but, in view of the limits imposed by its nature, this seems to be unavoidable.

In those cases where the Original admits of varied readings the writer has uniformly adopted the one which appeared to him to fit in best with the context and to maintain a connected sequence of ideas.

G. A. Noyes,
*Col.*

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## CHAPTER III.

v. 1. . . .

*2. And Job spake and said:

3. Perish the day I was born,
The night that said, "A man's begotten."
4. May that day turn to darkness,
From on high may God disown it,
And no light upon it shine!
5. May darkness and death's shadow claim it,
Thick cloud upon it dwell,
Eclipse horror o'er it spread!
6. That night, let sombre blackness seize upon it,
†Joyless be it 'mid the days,
Count it not among the months!
7. Behold! That night let it infecund be,
Estranged from voice of glee,
8. Cursed by those who curse days,
Those to arouse the dragon skilled!
9. Dark be its twilight stars,
Vain its hope of light,
Unoped the lids of its morning;
10. For it closed not my mother's womb,
And hid not sorrow from mine eyes!

11. Fresh from the womb why died I not?
Nor released from the breast expired?

* N.B.—This introductory verse, and those similar to it, which head Chapters IV, VI, VIII, etc., though written with the "Poetic" Accents, can hardly be deemed metrical, and are here rendered in Prose.

† Another reading:—"From the year's roll strike it off."

Ch. III.

v. 12. Why bent the knees to receive me ?
The bosom, why bade it me suck ?
13. For now should I be lying at rest,
I should sleep and be at peace,
14. With kings and earthly rulers,
Who built them piles in deserts;
15. With princes who were rich in gold,
And who filled their domes with silver ;
16. Or like th' abortion, naught I'd be,
As babes that ne'er saw light.
17. There th' unjust cease from vexing,
There the toil-worn are at rest ;
18. They that were chained lie tranquil,
Nor hear the driver's voice ;
19. There small and great are one,
And the slave free from his lord.
20. To the wretched why give light,
Life to th' aching spirit,
21. Which long for death that ever tarries,
And seek it more than treasure hid,
22. Which exult for joy,
And are glad when the grave greets them ;
23. To the man whose path is hidden,
And hedged about by God ?
24. For as my daily bread my sighing comes,
And as water are poured forth my groans ;
25. For let me fear harm, and it overtakes me,
And whatsoe'er I dread befalls.

Ch. III.

v. 26. I have no ease, I know no rest, no quiet ;
Fresh torments ever !

## CHAPTER IV.

v. 1. Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said :

2. Perchance discourse will thy patience tax,
But who can refrain from speech ?
3. Lo ! full many hast thou taught,
Drooping hands hast thou made strong,
4. Thy words upraised the falling,
Thou hast strengthened the bowing knee.
5. But now that trial visits thee thou faintest,
It reaches thee and thou losest heart.
6. Was not thy trust in thy piety ?
Thy hope, thy life unspotted ?
7. Think now—was e'er the guiltless lost ?
Or where cut off the righteous ?
8. As I have seen, they that plough evil
And sow affliction reap it.
9. By God's breath they're extinguished,
Scorched by the blast of his wrath.
10. Stilled is the lion's roaring,
Brok'n the teeth of the young ones,
11. Th' aged dies for lack of quarry,
And his consort's whelps are scattered.

12. Erst on me stole a word,
And mine ear caught its fleeting whisper.

Ch. IV.

v. 13. 'Mid thoughts born of nocturnal visions,
In th' hour when deep sleep falls on men,
14. Terror and trembling o'er me came,
And thrilled through all my bones.
15. A breath passed o'er my face,
All bristling rose mine hair.
16. It stood—a form that I knew not,
An image 'fore mine eyes,
Hushed—then a voice I heard:
17. "Can man be just 'fore God?
A mortal pure before his Maker?
18. 'His' servants, lo! 'He' distrusts!
'He' charges 'His' angels with faults;
19. Much more tenants of houses
Of clay installed in dust,
Which like moths are crushed.
20. 'Tween a morn and an eve they crumble,
All unheeded they perish for ever.
21. Their tent-cord torn away,
They still in blindness die."

## CHAPTER V.

v. 1. Call then; who will answer?
To which of the saints wilt turn?
2. Impatience kills the foolish,
His own anger slays the dolt.
3. I have seen a fool take root,
And anon clept his roof accurst,

v. 4. His children find no safety,
They are crushed in the gate without help.
5. His harvest the hungry eats,
E'en breaks through the thorns to snatch it,
And parched lips crave his wealth.
6. For not from the dust comes forth sorrow,
Nor does trouble spring out of the ground ;
7. But to trouble man is born,
As sparks soar aloft in their flight.

8. But I would seek unto God ;
To ' Him ' would I commit my cause,
9. Who does great things past solving,
Wondrous works that none can count ;
10. Who refreshes the earth with showers,
And sends waters upon the fields ;
11. Who sets on high the low,
And bears up the mourner ;
12. Who balks the crafty's plot,
And makes bootless the work of his hands ;
13. Snares in their wiles th' astute,
And wrecks the scheme of the subtle ;
14. By day they meet darkness,
And grope, as by night, in the noon-tide.
15. So the poor from the sword, from their mouth,
From the strong man's arm ' He ' saves.
16. So to the weak comes hope,
And wrong her mouth she closes.

CH. V.

v. 17. Lo! happy is the man whom God corrects;
Despise not thou th' Almighty's rod.
18. For 'He' wounds and binds up,
Strikes and 'His' hand brings healing.
19. Six times in straits 'He' 'll save thee,
Yea, in seven thou'lt take no harm.
20. In dearth, from death 'He' 'll shield thee,
And from the sharp sword in battle.
21. Hid from the scourging tongue,
Thou shalt not fear when havoc comes.
22. At scath and want thou'lt laugh,
And the beasts of the earth thou shalt not dread;
23. For with the stones that lie shall thy league be,
And the wild beasts shall call thee friend.
24. In thy tent shalt thou see peace reigning,
Visit thy pastures, and find nought lack,
25. See thy seed wax great in number,
And as grass of the mead thine offspring.
26. Full sear thy tomb thou'lt enter,
As the ripe sheaf is ta'en.
27. Lo! this we've searched out; it is truth;
Hear it, thou, and mark it well.

## CHAPTER VI.

v. 1. But Job answered and said:

2. My passion, would that it were weighed,
And my sorrows laid in the scales 'gainst it!

v. 3. Ocean's sands would yield a lesser load.
So sprang my words wildly.

4. For in me th' Almighty's shafts cleave,
My spir't drinks their venom in,
'Gainst me stand arrayed God's terrors.

5. Brays the ass over herbage ?
O'er his fodder lows the ox ?

6. Are things insipid, saltless, eaten ?
Does taste obtain in purblain's juice ?

7. My soul declines the touch ;
As foul food such I rate.

8. Oh ! that my prayer might have success,
And God grant that I hope :

9. That ' He ' would deign to crush me,
Let loose ' His ' hand, and e'en slay me !

10. So should I yet comfort have,
And midst unsparing pain rejoice ;
For ne'er disowned I th' All-holy's words.

11. What strength is mine to wait ?
What mine end, that I should patient be ?

12. Is my strength strength of stone ?
Is my flesh of brass ?

13. Am I not withouten help ?
Is not all resource departed ?

14. His friend should salve the despairing,
Him who th' Almighty doubts.

Ch. VI.

v. 15. False as brooks are my brethren,
As currents that roll onward,
16. Opaque with ice, and turbid,
Swelled with floes of snow dissolving.
17. When drought comes they vanish ;
In heat they are no more there.
18.*They, that travel their road, turn,
Go into the waste and perish.
19. For them Tema's trav'llers looked,
Sheba's bands sought them trusting.
20. Shamed were they that hoped ;
Thither they came, and were confounded.
21. So ye, like them, do fail ;
Ye see a dread and tremble.

22. Have I said, " Bring unto me " ;
" From your substance make me a gift " ;
23. " Save me from th' arm of the foe " ;
" From th' hand of the robber redeem me " ?
24. Teach me and I will be dumb ;
Make me to know wherein I have erred.
25.†The word of truth, how potent !
But what is't that your censure chides ?
26. Think ye over words to cavil ?
Words of despair are fumes.
27. Yea, ye'd cast lots for th' orphan ;
Bargain o'er your friend.
28. Deign upon me now to look ;
Then judge if I do lie.

* Another reading :—" Winding from their path they stray."
† Another reading :—" The words of truth, how dulcet ! "

v. 29. Turn ; let not injustice be ;
Turn yet ; my cause is just.
30. Dwells untruth in my tongue ?
Cannot my taste distinguish "wrong"?

## CHAPTER VII.

v. 1. Man's life on earth is a warfare ;
As a hireling's his day.
2. The slave pants for shade ;
For his wage the hireling longs ;
3. So is my portion months of woe,
And wearisome nights my dole.
4. When I lay me down I say :
"When shall I rise ? " then, night aye lingers,
And I toss till dawn with anguish.
5. Worms my body clothe, and clod-like crust ;
My skin but heals to break afresh.
6. My days, swifter than the shuttle,
Pass away devoid of hope.
7. Think—My life's a breath ;
Ne'er again shall mine eye see weal.
8. Lost to those that see me now,
'Neath "Thine" eye I shall vanish.
9. As the cloud fades and is gone,
Who stoops to Sheol comes not back.
10. He'll ne'er regain his home,
And his place shall know him no more.

Ch. VII.

v. 11. So I'll not curb my mouth ;
My soul's grief shall speak ;
My heart its burning vent.

12. Sea am I, or monster,
That on me " Thou " keepest guard ?

13. When I say, " From my bed will come rest,
My couch will ease my complaint,"

14. Then " Thou " scarest me with dreams,
Thou affrightest me through visions ;

15. So my soul does choose release,
* My bones cry out for death.

16. I loathe it ; I desire not life ;
Leave me, for my days are but a breath.

17. What's man, that " Thou " priz'st him,
That " Thou " settest thought upon him,

18. Visitest him each morning,
Triest him ev'ry moment ?

19. How long wilt " Thou " fasten on me,
Nor e'en leave me a moment to gulp ?

20. Have I sinned, what concerns " Thee," " Thou "
watcher of men ?
Why set me 'fore " Thee " for a let,
For a burthen to myself ?

21. Wilt " Thou " not forgive my sin, absolve me of
guilt ?
For soon shall I lie in the dust ;
" Thou " 'lt seek, and know me vanished.

* Another reading :—" Death before these my bones."

## CHAPTER VIII.

v. 1. Then answered Bildad the Shuhite, and said :

2. How long wilt speak such things,
Breathing forth words like wild winds ?
3. Will God pervert the " right " ?
Th' Almighty pervert justice ?
4. When against " Him " sinned thy sons,
" He " left them to their sin.
5. Wilt thou earnestly seek God,
Th' Almighty supplicate,
6. Wilt upright be and pure,
Surely will " He " now watch o'er thee,
And thy pious home prosper.
7. Though small seemed thy first estate,
Thy last days shall be great.

8. Ask now of ages gone,
Heed well th' ancestral lore.
9. (For upstart are we and rude ;
Our days on earth but a shadow.)
10. Shall they not teach thee, speak to thee,
Utt'ring words that come from their heart :
11. " Can the rush grow without marsh ?
The flag thrive reft of water ?
12. Yet green, and never to be cut down,
'Fore all other herbs it fades.
13. So fare they that forget God ;
Thus dies the scoffer's hope,

Ch. VIII.

v. 14. Torn in twain his trust,
His rock of faith a spider's web.
15. On his house he leans ; it shall not stand ;
He grasps it but it falls.
16. In sunshine bathed, and verdant,
Over his garden his shoots spread forth ;
17. His roots 'mong the pebbles twining,
Pierce the rocks' own home.
18. If he be destroyed, his place
Treach'rous says, ' I ne'er saw thee.'
19. Lo ! how blithe his fate ;
From out the soil shall spring forth others." ?

20. Nay, God spurns not the pure,
Nor upholds th' evil doer.
21. Smiles shall yet wreathe thy mouth,
Thy lips raise joyous shout.
22. Shame shall clothe them that hate thee,
And the wicked's tent vanish.

## CHAPTER IX.

v. 1. Then Job answered and said :

2. Surely I know it is so ;
How can man be just 'fore God ?
3. Would he dare with " Him " contend,
Not one plea in a thousand would serve him.

Ch. IX.

v. 4. Wise in mind, vast in strength,
Who has bearded " Him " and bode safe ?
5. " Him," who moves mountains without warning,
Fells them in " His " wrath ;
6. Who shakes the earth out of her place,
And her pillars beneath her quake ;
7. Who commands the sun, and it mounts not ;
Who sets " His " seal on the stars ;
8. Who alone spreads out the heav'ns,
And treads the ocean's crests ;
9.*Who made Āsh, K'seel, Keenāh,
And th' inmost South ;
10. Who does great things past unriddling ;
Wondrous works that none can count ;
11. Lo ! " He " goes by me all unseen,
I weet not of ' His " flight ;
12. If " He " reaves, who shall stay "Him"?
Who to " Him " say, " What doest 'Thou'"?
13. God withdraws not " His " wrath ;
'Neath " Him " bowed th' allies of Rahab.
14. And shall *I* join issue with "Him"?
*I* with " Him " bandy words ?
15. T' " Him," were I right, I'd not retort,
But supplicate my foe.
16. To my citing though "He" answered,
I would doubt that "He" 'd heed my voice.
17. "He" would sweep me with tempest,
Aye adding causeless wounds.

* Constellations.

Ch. IX.

v. 18. Scarce would " He " let me draw a breath,
But surfeit me with bitterness.

19. " Dost speak of strength ? Behold ! "
" He " says—" Of right ? Who'll arraign me ? "

20. Were I right, my mouth would damn me ;
Though pure, " He " 'd prove me froward.

21. Pure I am ; I reck not of self ;
I scorn my life—

22. 'Tis all one ; so I assever,
Good like bad " He " destroys.

23. If sudden scourge should slay,
Th' innocent's trial " He " mocks.

24. Into vile hands th' earth is giv'n ;
Her judges' face " He " veils ;
If 'tis not " He " who then ?

25. More swift than couriers, my days
Lost to happiness take wing ;

26. They pass like the ships of reed,
As th' hawk on her prey swooping.

27. Say I, " Be my plaint forgot,
This sad mien for smiles abandoned,"

28. My sufferings I still dread,
I know " Thou " 'lt not hold me guiltless.

29. Guilty I shall be ;
Wherefore then labour in vain ?

30. If in driven snow I lave me,
Should I cleanse my hands with lye,

Ch. IX.

v. 31. In the pit " Thou " wilt plunge me,
Of mine own raiment loathed.
32. No peers we, that I should " Him " answer,
With " Him " seek the judgment-hall ;
33. Between us stands no umpire,
To lay on both his finger.
34. Off me let " Him " take " His " rod ;
Let not " His " terrors daunt me ;
35. Then I'll not fear t'address " Him,"
For in heart I am not as I seem.

## CHAPTER X.

v. 1. My soul is tired of life ;
To my plaint I'll give free course ;
Mine heart's gall shall speak.

2. I say to God : " Make me not guilty ;
Shew me why " Thou " contendest with me.
3. Does't please " Thee " to vex,
To scorn " Thine " own hand's creature,
And light'n the wicked's counsel ?
4. Hast " Thou " then eyes of flesh ?
Or seest " Thou " as man sees ?
5. As man's days are " Thy " days ?
Or " Thy " years as days of mortals,
6. That " Thou " seek'st for my faults,
And searchest out my sin,

Ch. X.

v. 7. Though " Thou " know'st I've done no wrong,
And none can 'scape " Thine " hand ?
8. " Thine " own hands have fashioned me and made me
Throughout ; and " Thou " dost destroy me !
9. Bethink " Thee "—as clay " Thou " hast formed me ;
To dust wilt return me !
10. Hast " Thou " not as milk outpoured me,
As cheese solidified me ?
11. With skin and flesh hast " Thou " clothed me,
And knitted me with bones and sinews ;
12. Both life and favour " Thou " hast on me bestowed ;
" Thy " providence watched o'er my breath ;
13. But in " Thine " heart these things " Thou " hiddest ;
I trow this was " Thy " design :
14. If I sinned, then " Thou " would'st mark me,
Nor of my fault grant forgiveness.
15. Were I wicked, woe to me !
Righteous, I dare not lift my head,
Filled with shame to see my woe.
16. Were't raised, as a lion " Thou " 'dst hunt me,
And deal me marvels new,
17. Pile up against me fresh proofs,
Vex me with ever-growing wrath,
With ever-changing war.

v. 18. From the womb wherefore didst "Thou" bring me?
Unseen of eye I had perished.
19. Been as though I had never been,
Borne from the womb unto the grave.
20. My days how few! Cease then;
Leave me a little hour to smile,
21. Ere I seek without return
The land of darkness and death-shade;
22. A land dark with outer blackness,
Where gloomy Chaos reigns,
And day is as midnight."

## CHAPTER XI.

v. 1. Then answered Zophar the Naamathite and said:

2. Shall glib words no answer get?
Does much speaking justify?
3. Shall silence greet thy ravings?
Thy mocking earn no shame?
4. Thou say'st, "My doctrine's pure,
And I am clean in 'Thine' eyesight";
5. But would indeed that God would speak,
And 'gainst thee ope "His" lips,

Ch. XI.

v. 6. And show thee wisdom's secret stores,
Things transcending human ken ;
Then thou'dst know that in thy guilt " He "
spared thee.

7. Canst sound the depth of God ?
To th' end of the Almighty reach ?
8. High above heav'n : what canst thou do ?
Deeper than Sheol : what canst know ?
9. Its measure longer than th' earth,
And more wide than the sea.
10. Should " He " swoop, arrest,
To concourse call, who'll stay " Him " ?
11. For " He " knows wicked men,
Nor toils in thought to see through guilt.
12. But a dolt will grow wise,
When a wild ass's colt is born man.

13. If now thou wilt keep thine heart steadfast,
And wilt stretch out thine arms toward " Him,"
14. If guilt stains thine hands, far remove it,
Nor let wickedness dwell in thy tents,
15. Then shalt thou lift thy brow without spot,
Stand unshaken and have no fear.
16. For, trouble thou shalt forget,
Recall as floods gone by,
17. With thy life grown brighter than noon-day,
And darkness transfigured to morn.

v. 18. In sure hope thou shalt dwell secure,
Search around, and lay thee down safe,
19. Repose with none t' alarm,
Whilst crowds thy favour beseech.
20. But th' evil's eyes shall languish,
For them shall escape be none,
Their hope the spirit's parting.

## CHAPTER XII.

v. 1. And Job answered and said:

2. True—The whole world are ye,
And with you will wisdom die.
3. But I like you have sense;
I'm no whit inferior to you;
Things like these who knows not?
4. I am one mocked of friends;
One, whose cry to God "He" answered,
The just, the pure mocked!
5. Thoughts born of ease despise woe;
Scorn waits the slipping foot;
6. There is peace in the robbers' tents;
Provokers of God abide safe,
Who bear their god in their hand.

7. Ask now the dumb creatures, they'll teach thee;
The winged tribes, they'll give thee to know;

Ch. XII.

v. 8. Speak to the earth, she'll instruct thee ;
Ocean's own denizens tell.
9. Taught by all these, who's weetless
That the hand of Jah acts thus,
10. Lord of life of ev'ry soul,
Fount of man's breath ?
11. The ear, discerns it not words,
As the mouth tastes the dish ?
12. Wisdom lies with age,
Reason with length of years.
13. With " Him " is wisdom and strength ;
Counsel's " His " and insight ;
14. That " He " breaks down none can build ;
Whom " He " immures shall none cast loose.
15. Dry are the springs when " He " restrains them ;
Launched by " Him " they o'erwhelm regions.
16. Sound wisdom's " His " and might,
Betrayed and betrayer " His " ;
17. Couns'llors " He " leads off stript,
Makes judges fools ;
18. Unclasps the belt of kings,
And begirds with a cord their loins ;
19. Barefoot " He " leads off priests,
And o'erthrows the great ;
20. Shuts the trusted mentor's lip,
Divests of sense the seer ;
21. On nobles pours contempt,
And slacks the strong man's girth ;

v. 22. Reveals deep things out of darkness,
And to light brings night abysmal ;
23. Makes nations great, and deals them ruin ;
Spreads them abroad, and leads them home ;
24. The chiefs of th' earth " He " strips of reason ;
Made through trackless wastes to wander,
25. Light fled, they grope in gloom,
Like drunkards left to roam.

## CHAPTER XIII.

v. 1. All this mine eye has seen,
Heard it mine ear, and understood.
2. That which ye know I know also ;
I'm no whit inferior to you.
3. But with th' Almighty I would speak,
I wish to plead with God.

4. But ye are forgers of falsehoods,
Worthless leeches all.
5. Would ye, in sooth, but hold your peace,
Your wisdom would ye show.
6. List'n now to my rebuke,
Hark to my lips' upbraiding.
7. For God will ye speak wrong ?
For " Him " speak untruth ?
8. Will ye favour " Him " ?
Pleaders be for God ?

Ch. XIII.

v. 9. If " He " sifts you will 't please ?
" Him " think ye to blind, as man blinds man ?
10. You " He " 'll full sure condemn,
If in secret ye favour do shew.
11. Frights you not " His " majesty ?
Falls not on you dread of " Him " ?
12. Musty saws are these your sayings,
Your breastworks breastworks of clay.

13. Desist, be still, that I may now be speaker,
Befall me what will.
14. I'll e'en take my flesh in my teeth,
Put my life in my hand.
15.*Lo ! " He " 'll slay me ; I've no hope ;
Yet 'fore " Him " I'll defend my ways.
16. Yea, this shall make me safe,
That 'fore " Him " th' impious ne'er may come.
17. Intent list then to my words,
Let your ears heed my speech.
18. In order, lo ! I've set my cause ;
I know that my cause is just.
19. 'Gainst me stands there one to plead ?
For then will I hush and die.
20. I would " Thou " 'dst spare me two things alone ;
Then from " Thy " presence I will not hide ;
21. Far from me withdraw " Thine " hand ;
Let not " Thy " terrors daunt me.

* Another reading :—" Lo, 'He' 'll slay me ; I'll not wait."

Ch. XIII.

v. 22. Summon then, and I'll reply,
Or speaking wait thine answer.

23. How many are my crimes and sins ?
My trespass, my sin do " Thou " shew me.
24. Wherefore dost " Thou " hide " Thy " face,
And hold me for " Thy " foe ?
25. Wilt " Thou " chase a driven leaf ?
A sapless straw pursue,
26. That " Thou " decree'st me harsh things,
And the sins of my youth bequeath'st,
27. Put'st my feet in the stocks,
Keep'st watch on all my paths,
Draw'st thy line round the soles of one,
28. Who wastes like rott'n wood,
Like a moth-eat'n robe ?

## CHAPTER XIV.

v. 1. Man of woman born,
His days are few and troublous.
2. A flower that blooms, cut off,
A fleeting shadow, he bides not.
3. Wouldst " Thou " bend on such an one " Thine "
eyes ?
Wouldst cite " Me " with " Thee " to be judged ?

4. Would that the pure might spring from foul !
No, not one.—

Ch. XIV.

v. 5. Seeing his days are sealed,
His months numbered with " Thee,"
Bounds set by " Thee " he may not pass,
6. Turn away that he may rest,
As a hireling speed his day.
7. For the tree has sure hope,
That, when felled, it yet will sprout,
And its scion never fail ;
8. Though its root wax old in the earth,
And in the ground its stock should die,
9. Scenting water t'will bud,
And bear leaf like a sapling.
10. But man that dies is laid lōw ;
Man expires, and—where is hē ?
11. From the lake the waters fail,
The stream decays and dries ;
12. Man lies to rise no more ;
Till heav'n cease to be he will not waken,
Nor rouse him from his slumbēr.

13. Oh ! wouldst " Thou " in Sheol but conceal me,
Keep me hid till " Thy " wrath has vanished,
Fix my term and recall me.—

14. Shall man when he dies yet live ?—

All my war-time I'd wait,
Till my relief came ;

Ch. XIV.

v. 15. " Thou " wouldst call, and I'd " Thee " answer ;
" Thou " " Thy " handiwork wouldst want.
16. For now " Thou " tellest my steps ;
Dost " Thou " not watch for my sin ?
17. Sealed in a pouch my crime,
*" Thou " falsely hatch'st my guilt.
18. But the falling mountain wanes,
The rock's moved from its place,
19. Stone the waters hollow,
The glebe their swollen floods scatter ;
So, man's hope " Thou " crushest.
20. " Thou " dealest his last stroke and he goes,
" Thou " chang'st his face and discard'st him.
21. Sons grow great, he knows it not ;
Fall low, he does not heed it.
22. Conscious yet his flesh has pain,
His soul still fettered mourns.

## CHAPTER XV.

v. 1. Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite and said :

2. Responds the sage with vain conceits ?
Shall the East wind fill his breast ?
3. Reasoning with futile talk,
Barren words that serve for nought ?
4. Yea, pious fear thou castest off,
And impairest awe of God.

* Another reading :—" Thou' weldest fast (lit. " gluest ") my guilt."

Ch. XV.

v. 5. For thy guilt prompts thine utterance,
Thou ply'st a shrewd tongue.
6. Thine own mouth, not I, condemns thee ;
Witness 'gainst thee thine own lips.
7. Art thou first-born among men ?
Before the hills wast gotten ?
8. Didst hark'n in God's court,
And store wisdom to thyself ?
9. What know'st thou that we know not ?
What sense thine that is not ours ?
10. Hoar with time is one 'mid us,
One older than thy sire in days.
11. God's comfort dost thou deem too small ?
Too frail our gentle words ?
12. Why does thine heart transport thee,
Why flash thine eyes with passion,
13. That 'gainst God thou turn'st thine anger,
And pourest from thy mouth such speech ?
14. Can man i' sooth be clean ?
One born of woman pure ?
15. Lo ! " His " saints " He " does not trust,
Before " Him " heaven is not clean ;
16. Much less the vile, the foul,
Man that drinks in like water sin :

17. I'll shew thee ; hark !
That I've seen I will discover ;

Ch. XV.

v. 18. Doctrines taught by wise men,
From their sires handed down ;
19. To whom alone the land was given,
Untrod by strangers' foot :

20. " The sinners' days are fraught with pain,
The tale of years that are the tyrant's lot.
21. Dread sounds fill his ears ;
At peace, the spoiler invades him ;
22. No hope his to 'scape from darkness ;
Looms the sword aye 'fore him ;
23. (In thought) he roams for bread ne'er there ;
Forebodes the dark day impending nigh him ;
24. With distress and pain he quakes,
Him they o'ercome as a king girt for war.
25. For he stretched his hand 'gainst God,
Th' Almighty he defied ;
26. Neck reared on 'Him' he rushed,
With his bucklers serried close.
27. For his fatness wrapt his face,
And he clothed his loins with blubber
28. And in desert cities he dwelt,
Houses unmeet for sojourn,
Foredestined to be heaps.
29. Ne'er rich, his substance shall not grow,
*Nor its fruits spread out o'er the land.
30. He shall not part from darkness ;
Fiery heat shall scorch his branches ;
At 'His' breath he'll pass.

* Another reading :—"Nor its fruits bend down to the ground."

Ch. XV.

v. 31. Let him duped not trust in ill,
For ill shall his guerdon be.
32. His day untimely closed,
His palm-branch shall ne'er be green ;
33. His grape, as a vine's, shall parch ;
As an olive's, his flower fall.
34. For godless seed shall end,
*Fire waste the briber's dwelling.
35. Who conceives harm brings forth trouble,
And his breast engenders guile."

## CHAPTER XVI.

v. 1. Then Job answered and said :—

2. Many such things have I heard ;
Grim comfort bring ye all.
3. Shall vain words cease ?
Or what provokes thee to reply ?
4. I also could discourse as ye do ;
Might ye but change your lot with mine,
Against you I could weave words,
I too could shake my head at you,
5. My mouth give you strength,
My lips solace breathe.

6. Do I speak, my pain is not assuaged ;
Forbear, what gain I of ease ?

* Or, in a wider sense :—" Fire waste th' unjust man's dwelling."

Ch. XVI.

v. 7. Now am I full-wearied :
All my friends "Thou" 'st estranged ;
8. "Thou" hast seized me, and I'm marked ;
My gauntness rises 'gainst me to attest.
9. In wrath "He" rends, "He" assails me,
Gnashes on me "His" teeth,
Flashes forth hate from "His" eyes.
10. Wide-mouthed on me they gape,
They smite my cheek in scorn,
Crowded against me they combine.
11. God to th' impious yields me up,
To ribald hands "He" casts me.
12. I was at ease ; "He" rudely shook me ;
Gripped my neck, to pieces dashed me ;
And for "His" target set me up.
13. "His" arrows beset me close,
"He" pierces, void of ruth, my reins,
And pours out to the ground my life.
14. With breach on breach "He" batters on me ;
Runs on me warrior-like.
15. Sackcloth on my skin I've sown,
Thrust down mine horn into the dust ;
16. My cheek is swollen with weeping ;
Shades of death veil mine eyelids ;
17. Though stainless are mine hands,
And my devotion pure.

CH. XVI.

v. 18. Oh earth, hide not thou my blood ;
Let my cry no covert find !
19. Even now behold my witness is in heav'n,
My sponsor on high.
20. Scorned of my friends,
Mine eyes shed tears to God,
21. To judge man's cause with God,
As man's against his neighbour.
22. For soon, my short span over,
The path ne'er retraced I'll tread.

## CHAPTER XVII.

v. 1. My spirit is spent, my days extinguished ;
Mine the grave.
2.*In truth, with mockers I'm girt ;
On their disputes mine eye must dwell !
3. Vouch now ! My surety be with " Thee" !
Who else with me will strike hands ?
4. For, depriving their hearts of insight,
Them " Thou "'lt not exalt.
5.†They sell their friend for spoil,
His children left to languish.
6. Of the world I'm made a byword ;
They spit upon my face ;
7. And mine eye with sorrow grows dim ;
A mere shadow is my form.
8. The upright marvel at this ;
'Gainst the godless th' innocent rise.

* Other readings:—" Am I not girt with mockers ? " " Would I were free from mockers."

† Another reading:—" Who sells his friends for spoil,
His children's eyes shall languish."

v. 9. The just still keeps his way,
The clean of hand does aye wax stronger.

10. But now return, come again, I pray you all ;
For no sage 'mongst you I'll find.
11. My days are sped, my fond hopes cut off,
Thoughts my heart held dear.
12. Night they change to daybreak,
Light coming close on darkness.
13. Seek I in Sheol my home,
In darkness have I spread my bed,
14. Have said to the pit, " Thou art my father,"
Called : " mother," " sister " to the worm,
15. Of my hope what traces then ?
My hope, who then shall see it ?
16. To Sheol's bars 'tis gone down ;
When once in the dust there's quiet.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

v. 1. Then answered Bildad the Shuhite and said :

2. How long will ye subtly hunt for words ?
Be wise ; and we then will speak.
3. Wherefore are we accounted beasts,
Polluted in thine eyes ?
4. Thou with thine ire self-torn,
Wouldst have the earth for thy sake desert ?
The rock moved from its place ?

Ch. XVIII.

v. 5. Still dies the sinner's light,
The spark forsakes his fire ;
6. Dark his once bright tent,
His lamp above him pales.
7. His haughty step grows less,
His counsel casts him down ;
8. For his own foot seeks the net,
He walks into the snare ;
9. The gin grips his heel,
The toils around him cling,
10. The noose lies hid in the ground,
A trap for him in the way,
11. On all sides terrors make him quake,
They haunt him at his heels.
12. Hunger-worn his strength,
Ruin waylays him close.
13. His members shall be prey . . . .
E'en be prey to " Death's first-born."
14. From his trusted tent shall he be torn,
And before the king of terrors brought.
15. Strangers in his tent shall dwell,
Brimstone be rained upon his home ;
16. Beneath him shall his roots be arid,
And his branches above decay.
17. His mem'ry fades from his country,
Earth knows his name no more.
18. He's thrust out from light to darkness,
Forth from the world he's driven.

v. 19. No son his nor heirs 'mongst his race,
None left to own his roof.

20. Times remote shall marvel at his fate,
Those nigh be seized with horror.

21. Lo ! thus does the wicked dwell,
Fares he who knows not God.

## CHAPTER XIX.

v. 1. Then Job answered and said :

2. How long will ye vex my soul ?
Grievously crush me with words ?

3. Lo ! these ten times have ye defamed me ;
Lost to shame ye do me wrong.

4. Be it I've been erring,
Mine alone mine error rests.

5. If in sooth with vaunt against me,
Ye urge against me my reproach,

6. Know then : God my right perverted ;
" He " his net about me cast.

7. In dire throes I call ; comes no response ;
Cry help ; vain my plaint.

8. My way hedged about " He " bars ;
In darkness " He " enfolds my path ;

9. Me " He " of mine honour stripped,
And tore the crown off mine head ;

Ch. XIX.

v. 10. " He " breaks me down all round ; I'm gone ;
Like a tree " He " plucks up mine hope.
11. Against me " He " fans " His " wrath,
And counts me amongst " His " foes.
12. " His " bands together advance,
And against me cast up their bank,
And encamp about my tent.
13. My brethren " He " from me parts ;
Aloof aye stand my friends from me ;
14. My kinsfolk fail ;
Those I once knew forget me ;
15. My servitors and maids count me a stranger ;
An alien am I in their sight ;
16. I call my slave ; he answers not ;
My lips his grace must court ;
17. My breath offends my wife ;
Mine own seed abhor their sire ;
18. E'en by young boys I'm scorned ;
If I would arise they jeer ;
19. Loathed by all mine inward friends,
Those I love against me turn.
20. My bones cleave to my skin and to my flesh ;
With the skin of my teeth I 'scape.
21. Have pity, have pity, oh ! ye my friends ;
For by God's hand I'm smit.
22. Why pursue ye me as God ?
With my flesh why still unsated ?

v. 23. Oh ! that my words were e'en now written down !
That they were in a book indited !
24. With lead and pen of iron,
Graven on the rock for aye !
25. But I know my redeemer lives ;
On the dust he'll later stand ;
26. After this my skin's destroyed,
Rid of flesh I shall see God ;
27. See " Him " for myself,
Mine eyes alone discern.

Within me my reins consume !

28. Say ye : " How we'll him pursue !
In himself the case has root " :
29. Of the sword be ye then wary ;
For the sword is wrath's vengence,
*Th' Almighty to make known.

## CHAPTER XX.

v. 1. Then answered Zophar the Naamathite and said :

2. My thoughts impel rejoinder ;
I'm stirred thereby to haste.
3. Rebuke fraught with shame I hear,
But my conscious spirit answers.

* Another reading :—" To teach that judgment comes.'

Ch. XX.

v. 4. Knowest thou not this of old,
Since man on the earth was planted,

5. That the sinner's triumph is short,
The joy of th' impious fleeting ?

6. Though his height should mount up to the heav'ns,
And his head reach the clouds,

7. He shall rot like filth for aye,
Gazers say, " Where is he ? "

8. As a dream he'll flee, and none find him ;
Pass like a night vision.

9. Th' eye that watched sees him not again ;
His place looks on him no more.

10. His sons shall court the poor ;
His own hands restore his wealth ;

11. With vigour his bones are filled,
But with him in dust t'will lie.

12. Is sin sweet in his mouth,
Does he hide it under his tongue,

13. Daintily relish, nor bear to loose it,
His palate hugging it close,

14. Yet, eat'n his food is changed ;
In him 'tis vipers' gall.

15. His glutted wealth he shall vomit,
God from within him cast it out.

16. The asp's venom sucked,
He shall die by th' adder's tongue.

v. 17. No rivers shall he see
Flowing with honey and milk ;
18. He'll yield back his fruitless gains,
Unenjoyed his ill-turned wealth ;
19. For he crushed and left the poor,
Built not up the house he plundered.
20. Because within he knew no rest,
He'll lose his heart's desire ;
21. Insatiate his greed,
His welfare shall not endure ;
22. Affluent he will be in straits,
And wretches prey upon him.

23. Thus shall he be filled :
God shall cast " His " fierce wrath,
And rain it on him for his food.
24. He flees from the brand of steel,
Is pierced by the brazen bow.
25. He draws forth the shaft ; from his breast,
From within him the flashing steel comes ;
On him falls dread.
26. Darkest ruin his treasures besets ;
Him fire unfanned shall consume,
Make desolate his tent.
27. High heaven reveals his guilt,
And against him earth stands up ;
28. His possessions flee,
Melt in the day of wrath.

Ch. XX.

v. 29. Such is the portion of the evil man,
The lot assigned by God.

## CHAPTER XXI.

v. 1. But Job answered and said :

2. Give ear and hark to my words,
And let this your condolence be.
3. Bear with me, and I too will speak ;
And when I've done mock on.
4. Is it 'gainst man I make my plaint ?
Why should I not impatient be ?
5. Mark me well, and marvel,
With hand laid on mouth.
6. I think on it with terror,
And trembling seizes my flesh.

7. Why do the wicked live,
Wax old, yea strong in power ?
8. In their own presence their issue thrive,
And their offspring 'neath their eyes ;
9. Safe from fear abide their houses ;
God lays on them no rod.
10. Their bull begets and fails not,
Their cow bears unbereaved her calf.
11. Their babes they send forth like flocks,
And their children disport,

v. 12. Sing to tabret and harp,
Joy to sound of pipe.
13. Their days they spend in weal,
To Sheol in a breath go down ;
14. Though they said to God, " Depart from us,
For of ' Thy ' ways we want no knowledge ;
15. Who's th' Almighty t'own our homage ?
By prayer to ' Him ' what gain have we ? "

16.*Lo ! they sway not their weal.
(Far from me be ill-counsel !)
17. How oft fails the wicked's lamp ?
On him how oft does ruin fall ?
God's anger mete out woe ?
18. How oft like straw 'fore the wind,
Or as tempest-driven chaff ?
19. For his sons God stores his guilt—
Let himself feel its fruits,
20. Himself gaze on his doom,
And drink of th' Almighty's wrath.
21. For what cares he more for his house,
When his span of life is ended ?
22. Who shall teach God knowledge,
Him who rules the high ?
23. In fullness of bliss dies one,
Wholly at ease and safe ;
24. His pails o'erflow with milk,
Moist the marrow of his bones ;

* Another reading :—" Hold they not their weal sure ? "

Ch. XXI.

v. 25. Another with bitter soul,
Who tasted ne'er of good.
26. They lie in the dust together;
The worm covers them both.

27. Lo! I know for certain your thoughts,
And the wiles ye hatch against me.
28. Saying, "Where is the house of the prince,
The tent where the wicked did dwell"?
29. Have ye not asked wayfarers?
And heed ye not their tokens,
30. That the bad are spared from doom,
Saved in th' hour of vengeance?
31. Who to his face shall chide his way?
That he's done who shall repay?
32. And to the grave he's borne;
Watch kept o'er his tomb.
33. Sweet to him the valley's glebe;
All men shall draw after him,
As countless throngs before.
34. How vain then your comfort!
Falsehood alone lurks 'neath your answers.

## CHAPTER XXII.

v. 1. Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said:

2. Can man yield God profit?
Nay, the wise reaps his own reward.

Ch. XXII.

v. 3. Thy virtue, is't th' Almighty's care ?
What gain " His " an thou thy ways cleansest ?
4. For thy piety will " He " chide thee,
Cite thee to " His " judgment seat ?
5. Is not thy sinning great,
Infinite thy transgressions ?
6. Thou'st ta'en thy brother's pledge for nought ;
Stripped the naked of his clothes ;
7. Left unquenched the weary's thirst ;
And held back bread from the hungry.
8. Th' earth's the strong man's portion ;
Th' exalted are sate thereon.
9. The widow thou hast sent forth bare,
And seen crushed the orphan's stay.
10. Therefore art thou compassed with snares,
And art troubled by sudden fear.
11. Or see'st thou not the night,
The floods that overspread thee ?
12. Is not God in high'st heaven ?
And mark the stars ; their depths transcendant !
13. And " How can God know ? " thou saidst,
" Through thick clouds how discern ?
14. Shrouded in mists, ' He ' cannot see ;
' He ' roams the heavenly vault."
15. Wilt thou kèep the ancient path
Trod by men of evil ?
16. Those untimely snatched,
Whose rock the floods o'erwhelmed ;

Ch. XXII.

v. 17. Who said unto God, " Depart from us,"
And, " What can th' Almighty to us ? "
18. Though " He " filled their homes with good ;
(But far from me be ill-counsel !)
19. The righteous see it with gladness,
Th' innocent deride them ;
20. " Surely our foe is cut off,
His surfeit fire-doomed."

21. Know " Him " now, and be at peace ;
Thereby shalt thou gather weal ;
22. Cull from " His " lips the law,
Graft on thine heart " His " precepts ;
23. Seek yet th' Almighty ; then shalt thou thrive ;
Far from thy tent banish evil ;
24. Lay in dust thy treasure,
'Mid brooklets' stones thy gold ;
25. Then " He " shall be thy treasure,
Silver for thee heaped high.
26. Then in th' Almighty thou 'lt have joy,
Thy face to God uplifting.
27. T' " Him " thou 'lt pray, and " He " shall hear thee,
And thou thy vows shalt pay.
28. On thy will success shall wait,
And light shine upon thy ways.
29. When cares depress thou shalt still take heart,
For the downcast " He " helps.

v. 30. E'en th' impure " He " 'll save :
Yea, thy pureness saves him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

v. 1. Then Job answered and said :

2. My plaint still hight revolt !
*Yet does my pain outweigh my moan.
3. Oh ! would that I knew where I might find
" Him " !
To " His " tribunal come !
4. 'Fore " Him " I'd unfold my cause,
With arguments fill my mouth,
5. Discern " His " words of answer,
Understand the things " He " spake.
6. Would " He " vast in might oppose me ?
Nay, to me " He " 'd give heed.
7. Then my plea would prove me just ;
So should I from my judge aye be freed.
8. Lo ! I go East, and " He " is not ;
West, " He " defies my search ;
9. North, 'mid " His " works " He " 'scapes me ;
South, I spy not " His " retreat.
10. For " He " knows the way I follow ;
Let " Him " try me ; I'll come forth gold.
11. To " His " steps my foot has clung ;
Unswerving I've kept " His " way ;

* Meaning of original very undetermined; text perhaps faulty.

Ch. XXIII.

v. 12. From the law " He " spake not strayed ;
Stored in my breast the words of " His " mouth.
13. But " He " 's resolved, Who shall turn " Him " ?
That " He " wills " He " shall compass.
14. Yea, " He " seals my fate ;
Many such things does " He " do.
15. Because of " Him " therefore I quake ;
When I consider I fear " Him " ;
16. And God chills my heart,
Th' Almighty dismays me ;
17. For not the darkness does appal me,
Nor myself in blackness shrouded.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

v. 1. Why does not th' Almighty appoint set times,
Nor " His " servants see " His " days ?
2. Some move the landmarks ;
Some for pasture raid the flock ;
3. Of his ass spoil th' orphan,
Hold pledged the widow's ox ;
4. Thrust out from the way the needy ;
Earth's outcasts huddle together.
5. Like th' ass that roams the plain,
Seeking food they go forth to labour ;
The waste yields them fare for their young.
6. In the field they reap their fodder,
And glean the wicked's vineyard ;

v. 7. Naked they lie all night, unclad,
Shieldless from the cold ;
8. Wet with the rain of the mountains,
Lacking shelter they clasp the rock.
9. Th' orphan, plucked from the breast,
For the poor is hostage,
10. Which go bare without garb,
And starve while sheaves they carry,
11. Squeeze the oil in their cellars,
Tread the wine-press, yet are thirsting.
12. I' the mart groans the dying,
Cries loud the victim's soul ;
Yet God regards not the wrong.

13. These are of the foes of light,
Which wot not of its ways,
Nor abide within its paths :
14. At dawn upstarts the thug,
To slay the weak and poor,
And prowl the night long as a thief.
15. Th' adult'rer's eye bides twilight ;
He says, " No eye shall descry me,"
And then he dons his mask.
16. Some break through houses at night ;
Lurk by day in hiding,
Nor e'er know light.
17. For to them the morn is as death's shadow ;
For they know the death-shade's terrors.

Ch. XXIV.

v. 18. Waifs " they " on the waters,
Accursed on the earth their portion,
Lost to them the vineyard's path !
19. As drought, yea, heat swallow up snow waters
So Sheol sinners !
20. The womb forgets him, to the worm he's sweet,
To mem'ry unknown !
The bad is broken as a tree—
21. He that on the childless preys,
And leaves the widow lorn !

22. Nay ; by " His " might the great endure ;
They rise when they thought not to live ;
23. " He " gives them safety, wherein they rest,
And " His " eyes are on their ways.
24. Raised awhile they vanish ;
Brought low, they're gathered like all,
Cut off as the ripened corn-tops.
25. If not so, who'll make me a liar,
And my speech nothing worth ?

## CHAPTER XXV.

v. 1. Then answered Bildad the Shuhite and said :

2. Dominion and fear are " His " ;
In " His " heights " He " genders peace.

v. 3. Who can number " His " hosts ?
And on whom shines not " His " radiance ?
4. How can man be just 'fore God ?
Or one born of woman clean ?
5. Lo ! even the moon grows dark,
The stars are not pure in " His " eyes.
6. Much less man, a worm !
The son of man, but vermin !

## CHAPTER XXVI.

v. 1. But Job answered and said :

2 How hast thou helped the weak !
How succoured the spent arm !
3. Counselled him that wisdom lacked,
And abundantly taught knowledge !
4. To whom hast thou uttered words ?
And whose spirit came forth from thee ?

5. The nether Shades tremble
'Neath the deep, and its denizens.
6. 'Fore " Him " Sheol lies bare,
Th' abyss stays revealed ;
7. The North o'er space " He " stretches,
From vacancy hangs the earth ;
8. Wraps the floods in " His " clouds,
Yet they burst not 'neath their load.

Ch. XXVI.

v. 9. " His " throne, veiled its face,
" He " shrouds in spreading cloud ;
10. Bounds zone-girt the waters,
Where light abuts on darkness.
11. The pillars of heaven do tremble
And quake at " His " reproof.
12. " His " power quells the sea,
By " His " wisdom " He " smites down Rahab.
13. " His " spirit lights the heav'ns' sheen,
" His " hand the fleeing Serpent wounds.
14. Of " His " ways, lo ! a glimpse :
How faint to us th' echo of " His " fame !
Who the thunder of " His " might can gauge ?

## CHAPTER XXVII.

v. 1. Moreover, Job continued his parable and said :

2. As God lives who spurns my right,
Th' Almighty my pain's source;
3. (For with life I yet am quick,
I draw God's breath),
4. Not unjustly do my lips speak,
Nor to fraud does my tongue give vent.
5. Far be it from me to own you right !
Till I die will I still mine innocence maintain.
6. Virtue's my claim, nor will I renounce it ;
My conscience brands no day of mine.

v. 7. Held evil be my foe,
And my gainsayer unjust.
8. For what hope has th' impious when cut off,
When God requires his soul ?
9. To his cry will God hark,
When affliction on him falls ?
10. Is th' Almighty his delight ?
Calls he aye on God ?
11. To you God's way I'll teach,
Nor th' Almighty's dealing hide.
12. Lo ! this all of you have seen :
Why then utter thoughts so foolish ?
13. This is the wicked man's lot with God,
The fate reserved for tyrants by th' Almighty.
14. Begets he sons, the sword waits them ;
Bread shall fail to sate his offspring.
15. Engulphed by plague die his survivors,
And tearless are his widows.
16. Though as dust he heap up silver,
And garner raiment as clay,
17. His hoard shall clothe the just,
The pure his silver part.
18. Moth-like he builds his house,
As the booth the keeper rears.
19. He lies down rich, no more to rise ;
He opes his eyes, and is not.

Ch. XXVII.

v. 20. Terrors o'ertake him as a surging flood ;
A night-tempest bears him off ;
21. Whirled upward on th' East-wind he goes,
In its storm swept from his place.
22. God upon him shoots nor spares ;
From " His " hand he fain would flee.
23. Men clap their hands o'er his downfall,
And hiss him from his own place.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

v. 1. There is for silver its vein,
And for gold a place for refining ;
2. Iron is delved from the earth,
From stone the molt'n brass flows.
3. Darkness dispelling,
To th' utmost man searches out
The stone 'mid death-shades hidden.
4. Far from men he hews the shaft,
And of living foot forgotten,
Lone in air swings pendent.
5. The earth, whose lap pours forth life's substance,
Beneath is clov'n as by fire,
6. Her rocks the sapphire's home,
Golden dust her wealth ;
7. A path unknown to songster,
Unscanned by the eagle's eye,

v. 8. By ravening beasts ne'er trodden,
Nor travelled by the lion.
9. Forth to the flint he puts his hand,
The mountains' roots he o'erturns,
10. Cuts out channels through the rocks,
And boundless wealth surveys;
11. Dams up the dripping stream,
And brings th' unseen to light.

12. But Wisdom, where can she e'er be found?
Where is Reason's home?
13. Man wots not of her way;
The land of the living knows her not.
14. Th' abyss says "She's not here;"
The sea says "She's not with me."
15. Finest gold cannot buy her,
Nor weight of silver tell her worth.
16. Weigh not 'gainst her Ophir's gold,
Sapphire, nor onyx rare.
17. Nor gold nor glass against her can be set,
Nor gold-wrought bowl exchanged.
18. Coral and crystal are not named,
Gain of wisdom is above pearls.
19. Ethiop's topaz rivals her not,
'Gainst her vain to weigh pure gold.

20. Wisdom, from whence then does she come?
Where is Reason's home?

Ch. XXVIII.

v. 21. Hid from every living eye,
Closed to all the winged tribe of the heavens.
22. Abaddōn and death declare :
" Rumours thereof our ears have heard."

23. 'Tis God who knows her path ;
" He " wots well of her home ;
24. For " His " glance sweeps the ends of the earth,
And beneath the whole heavens " He " sees,
25. Dealing weight to the winds,
And measured force to the floods.
26. When " He " gave the rain a law,
And set the lightning's course,
27. Her " He " saw and proclaimed,
Formed and searched her out ;
28. And unto man " He " said,
" Lo ! Wisdom is the fear of God ;
*Reason flight from wrong."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

v. 1. Moreover, Job continued his parable and said :

2. Would I were as in months vanished,
Days when God watched o'er me ;
3. When " His " lamp shone o'er my head,
My dark path t' illumine ;

* N.B.—It is difficult to reconcile Job's discourse in the above two Chapters, XXVII.-XXVIII., with his utterances and general line of argument up to this point, and again later he seems to contradict himself. Moreover, whilst now adopting his friends' opinions, he at the same time reproaches them with folly. For these reasons many have suggested that these two chapters have either undergone misarrangement or that they have been interpolated.

v. 4. As I was in th' autumn of my days,
When God kept my tent,
5. Th' Almighty with me dwelt,
Children round me closed ;
6. When milk made cool my feet,
And the rock poured forth streams of oil b'side me.
7. To the city gate sallying,
Taking my seat in the square,
8. The youths withdrew when they saw me,
Th' aged rose to greet me standing ;
9. The princes held their peace,
With finger laid on lip ;
10. The nobles kept silence,
And their tongue clave to their palate ;
11. For the ear that heard of me blessed me,
The eye that saw witnessed for me ;
12. For I saved the poor that cried,
Th' orphan with none to help ;
13. I garnered blessing from the wrecked,
I cheered the widow's heart ;
14. Righteousness I put on as a garment,
Justice was my robe and crown ;
15. I became as eyes unto the blind,
And as feet unto the cripple ;
16. I was a father to the poor,
And the unknown's cause I sifted ;
17. And I brake the wicked's jaw,
And from his teeth plucked the booty ;

Ch. XXIX.

v. 18. And said : " I shall die in my nest,
Score my days as the sands ;
19. My root spread to the waters,
The dew lodge on my branch ;
20. My glory ever be fresh,
The bow I wield grow strong."
21. Men heard me and waited,
Hushed while I advised ;
22. At my words they spake no more,
Upon them fell gently my speech ;
23. They watched me as for rain,
And open-mouthed craved the shower ;
24. I smiled upon them that doubted,
They robbed no light from my brow ;
25. I chose their way and sat chief,
Enthroned king in the host,
As balm to them that mourned.

## CHAPTER XXX.

v. 1. But they deride me now,
Those younger than I in days,
Whose fathers I disdained
Among my sheepdogs to set.
2. What to me the useless arms
Of men waxed old untimely,

v. 3. Men with want and hunger gaunt,
Wont to gnaw the weald,
The desolate waste of yore,
4. Plucking mallows 'mid the bush,
And broom-roots for their meat ?
5. Forth from men driven,
Pursued with loud outcries as the thief,
6. They haunt the valley's clefts,
Caves of the earth and rocks ;
7. They bray 'midst the bushes,
Lie stretched out 'neath the nettles.
8. Born of fools, a caitiff spawn,
From the land they're beaten.

9. But now I'm sport for their ditties,
Their by-word eke am I ;
10. They flee from me with horror,
In my face they spare not to spit ;
11. For they loose their rein and insult me,
Unbridle themselves before me.
12. On the right rise up a rabble,
My feet they hurtle,
And cast up against me their deadly ways.
13. They break up my path,
They help on my downfall—
They that were helpless !
14. As though a wide breach storming,
Amid the crash they roll onward.

v. 15. By terrors I am assailed ;
My fame—as though wind-driven, flown ;
My welfare—passed as a cloud.
16. And now my soul is poured out in plaint ;
Days of woe o'ertake me.
17. Pierced with pains by night my bones are racked,
My gnawing pangs ne'er rest.
18. Untold throes have changed my guise ;
As my tunic's neck they grip me.
19. In the mire "He" 's cast me,
And I am become like dust and ashes.
20. To "Thee" I cry ; "Thou" dost not hear me ;
I stand up ; and "Thou" dost but gaze.
21. To me "Thou" art grown cruel ;
With "Thy" strong hand "Thou" plagu'st me.
22. "Thou" mountest me upborne on the tempest,
And dissolvest me in storm.
23. For I know that to death "Thou" bring'st me,
There where all living meet.

24. Vain prayer ! "His" hand's outstretched ;
Shall "His" stroke wring no cry ?
25. O'er the distressed have I not wept ?
My soul not grieved for the poor ?
26. When I look for good, then evil comes ;
I hope for light, and there falls darkness.

v. 27. My bowels boil and rest not ;
Days of woe o'ertake me.
28. Blackened, not by the sun, I go ;
In th' assembly rise and cry.
29. To jackals I've turned kin,
To the ostrich mate.
30. My skin grown black off me peels ;
With fire my bones are tormented.
31. My harp is a mourning note,
My reed the weeper's wail.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

v. 1. I've a pact with mine eyes ;
How then should I look on a maid ?
2. From God above what the portion,
Th' Almighty's meed from on high ?
3. Dogs not ruin sin ?
Misfortune wrongdoers ?
4. Does " He " not see my ways,
And count all my steps ?
5. If with guile I have walked,
Or my foot sped after deceit,
6. (In just scales let " Him " weigh me ;
So shall God know my truth).
7. If my step aside from the way has wandered,
Or mine heart gone after mine eyes,
Or a blot stained mine hands,

Ch. XXXI.

v. 8. For strange mouths may I sow,
Uptorn be my produce.

9. Has my heart been by woman lured,
If I've spied my neighbour's postern,

10. Let my wife another serve,
And strangers defile her bed.

11. For, foul sin this,
Crime for judgment meet ;

12. Yea, a fire that wholly devours,
And would all mine increase blast.

13. If I've spurned the suit my slave or my maid
Had against me brought,

14. (For what of me when God shall rise ?
To " His " quest how make answer ?

15. Him too in the breast made not my Maker ?
Did not One in the womb form us both ?)

16. If I've denied the poor his wish,
Or made droop the widow's eyes,

17. Or eat'n my crumb alone,
And bestowed no share on th' orphan,

18. (For him I've nurtured from my youth ;
Her from my mother's womb I've guided ;)

19. If I've seen th' unclothed in sore strait,
Or the poor go bare,

20. If his loins ne'er blest my care,
When warm with the fleece of my lambs,

v. 21. If against th' orphan I've lift mine hand,
When I saw my succour in the gate,
22. May my shoulder fall disjoined,
May mine arm from its collar be rent.
23. For I feared the stroke of God ;
I was powerless 'neath " His " height.

24. If I set my trust in gold,
Or said to fine gold, " Thou art mine hope,"
25. Was my flowing wealth my joy,
The treasure mine hand amassed?
26. If, watching the glowing sun,
Or the moon's lustrous path,
27. My heart felt the secret lure,
Or my hand touched my lip,
28. (Guilt this for judgment meet,
For I had denied God in heaven ;)
29. Joyed I o'er my foe's fall,
Was I glad when he met with ill?
30. (Nay, I lent not my mouth to sin,
T' ask with a curse his life ;)
31. If my henchmen have not said,
" Oh, for one unsated with his cheer ! "
32. (No stranger lodged without,
My doors to the waif stood op'n ;)
33. If, like men, I concealed my faults,
My guilt hid in my breast,

Ch. XXXI.

v. 34. For fear of the thronging crowd,
Or dread lest the tribes should scorn me,
And so, hushed, crossed not my threshold—
35. (Oh, for one to lend me ear !
Lo, my mark ! let th' Almighty answer !
Oh, for my foeman's writt'n charge !
36. In truth, on my shoulder I'd bear it,
Wear it for my diadēm ;
37. The tale of my steps I'd shew " Him,"
As a prince draw nigh "Him";)
38. If against me my land cries out
Or together her furrows weep,
39. If I've eat'n her fruits without money,
Or crushed their life from her owners,
40. Let thorns spring instead of wheat,
In place of barley tares.

The words of Job are ended.

## CHAPTERS XXXII.–VII.

N.B.—The Episode of Elihu, which these chapters contain, is, for several more or less forcible reasons, supposed by many exegetes to be the work of a later hand, and to form no portion of the original poem.

Sharing this view the translator has not, for the present at any rate, included them in his translation.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

v. 1. Then Jehovah answered Job out of the storm
and said :

2. Who then makes wisdom dark
With words untutored ?
3. Gird now thy loins with manhood ;
I'll ask thee : do thou answer.

4. Where wast when I laid earth's foundations ?
Declare, if the knowledge is thine,
5. Who fixed her measure (thou shouldst know),
Or who upon her stretched the line ?
6. Whereon were her pillars planted,
Or who established her corner-stone,
7. When the day-stars quired pæans,
And all the sons of God acclaimed ?
8. Who behind doors shut in the sea,
When it burst and fled the womb,
9. When I clothed it with cloud,
Thick cloud for swaddling band,
10. And decreed it rugged bounds,
And appointed doors and barriers,
11. Saying : " Hereto, but no further, shalt thou
come ;
Here shall be stayed thy swelling billows ? "

12. Since thou wast, hast given laws to morning ?
Guided to its place the dawn,

Ch. XXXVIII.

v. 13. To seize earth's furthest borders,
And from off her shake the wicked ?
14. Changed, like clay new-sealed, she stands,
Her robe th' universe.
15. From the wicked their light is quenched,
And the upraised arm is brok'n.
16. Didst enter th' ocean's founts,
Or tread th' abysmal recesses ?
17. Oped death to thee her portals ?
Didst behold the death-shades' gates ?
18. The world's expanse, didst comprehend it ?
Declare, if thou knowest it all.

19. Where lies the way to light's abode,
And darkness, where her seat,
20. That thou shouldst take them to their bounds,
And the path know to their home ?
21. Thou wotest, for thou wast then born,
And the tale of thy days is great.

22. Hast entered the snow's storehouse ?
Seen th' armouries of th' hail
23. That I keep for sore times,
The day of fray and war ?
24. Where lies the way to light's parting-place,
Whence th' east wind scatters earthward ?
25. Who for the rain-flood channels cleft,
Paths for the lightning's bolts,

Ch. XXXVIII.

v. 26. To water th' unpeopled lands,
The wilds untrod of man,
27. To sate the desolate waste,
And give new life to th' herbage ?

28. Does rain a sire own ?
Or who begets the dew-drops ?
29. Whose was the womb from whence th' ice parted ?
And heaven's hoar-frost who brought forth ?
30. In guise of stone the waters hide them ;
The face of the deep hardens.

31. Dost thou bind the bands of Keenāh ?
Or loose the cords of K'seel ?
32.*Bring forth Mazzārōth betimes ?
Or lead Ayish on with her young ?
33. Know'st thou the laws of the heavens ?
Dost thou settle on th' earth their influence ?
34. Does thy voice bid the rain-cloud
With wealth of waters bathe thee ?
35. At thy word go forth the lightnings,
Saying to thee, " Behold us " ?
36. Who stored wisdom in the mists ?
Or who to the meteor insight gave ?
37. Who with sapience tells the clouds ?
And who pours out the jars of heav'n,
38. To mould the dust into form,
And give the soils substance ?

* Constellations, or Stars.

Ch. XXXVIII.

v. 39. Dost find the lion quarry ?
Sate'st thou the young lions' greed,
40. When they crouch low in the den,
And lie in the lair in ambush ?
41. Who provides for the rav'n her meat,
When to God her young ones clamour,
And roam the field foodless ?

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

v. 1. Know'st thou th' hour of labour of the ibex ?
Dost mark when the hinds bring forth ?
2. Number the months they're pregnant ?
And know their time of travail ?
3. With bowed knee they lay down their young ones,
And cast out their anguish.
4. Their young, grown strong in th' open field,
Go, and return not to them.

5. Who sent forth the wild ass free ?
Who set loose the untamed one's bands,
6. Whose home I made the lone waste,
The salt land his abode ?
7. He scorns the city's rout,
And hears not the driver's shout ;
8. Th' alpine range his pasture,
There he seeks out all that's green.

Ch. XXXIX.

v. 9. Will the wild ox serve thee,
Or abide in thy stable ?
10. In the furrow him dost rein ?
Will he till the vale behind thee ?
11. Him dost trust for his vast strength ?
Or leave to him thy labour ?
12. Dost count he will thy grain bring homeward,
To fill thy floor ?

13. Blithe beats th' ostrich's pinion ;
Kindly is 't, that feathered wing ?
14. For her eggs in th' earth she abandons,
And warms them in dust,
15. And forgets that the foot may crush them,
Or the wild beast on them trample.
16. She treats as aliens her young,
Reckless of lost labour ;
17. For God denied her sense,
And of wits gave her no share.
18. Now she flaps her wings on high,
And at horse and rider laughs.

19. Dost give the horse his strength ?
Clothe his neck with quivering mane ?
20. As the locust make him bound ?
With dread defiant snort,

Ch. XXXIX.

v. 21. He paws the vale, exults in strength,
And goes forth to battle.
22. He mocks at fear, and cowers not,
Nor turns back 'fore the falchion.
23. Upon him quiver rings,
Flashing spear and dart.
24. Fuming, raging, earth-devouring,
*He lags not when trumpets call.
25. At the blast, he says, " Aha!"
And sniffs the battle from afar off,
Chieftains' roar and shouts of men.

26. By wisdom thine soars the hawk,
And southward spreads her wings ?
27. Mounts at thy command the eagle,
To set high her nest ?
28. Her seat—the rock ; her homestead—
On the crag and mountain hold :
29. Thence she spies the quarry ;
Afar off her eyes behold it ;
30. And her young suck up blood ;
And where lie the slain is she.

## CHAPTER XL.

v. 1. Moreover, Jehovah answered Job and said :

2. Will he who carps face God ?
Can " His " censor solve it ?

* Another reading :—" He scarce trusts the trumpet's peal."

v. 3. Then Job answered Jehovah and said :

4. Lo ! an atom I : how answer ?
On my lip I lay th' hand.
5. Once have I spoke, but speak no more ;
Yea twice, but not again.

6. Then answered Jehovah unto Job out of the storm and said :—

7. Gird now thy loins with manhood ;
" I " 'll ask thee : do thou answer.

8. Wilt e'en " My " justice impugn ?
Condemn " Me " that thou may'st be just ?
9. Hast an arm like God ?
Canst thunder with voice like " His " ?
10. Deck thee now with royal honour,
Don majesty and state.
11. Pour forth thy surging anger,
And with thy glance bring low the lofty.
12. The lofty with thy glance humble ;
Crush th' evil where they stand.
13. Gathered in the dust hide them ;
In darkness shroud their brows.
14. Then will " I " grant thee,
That thine own hand can save thee.

CH. XL.

v. 15.*See now B'hēmōth, whom "I" made as well as thee:
Like the ox he crops the grass.
16. See now in his loins his power;
His belly is nerved with strength;
17. His tail bent like the cedar;
His thigh entwined with sinew;
18. His bones are tubes of brass;
His limbs like bars of iron.
19. Of God's works chief is he;
"He" that made him gave his sword;
20. For the mountains bear him food,
Where the beasts of the field all disport.
21. 'Neath the lotus he lies,
'Mid the secret reed and fen;
22. Covered with the lotus shade,
Willows of the brook round him.
23. Though swells the stream, he has no fear;
Though Jordan's flood reach his mouth, he recks not.
24. Op'n-eyed shall they take him?
With snares pierce his nose?

## CHAPTER XLI.

(Heb. XL).

v. 1.†Canst draw Liwyāthān with hook? v. 25.
Or with cord press down his tongue?

* B'hēmōth supposed to be the Hippopotamus.
† Liwyāthān „ „ „ Crocodile.

CH. XLI. (Heb. XL.)

v. 2. Thread with the rush his nose ? 26.
Bore with a ring his cheek ?

3. Will he prefer thee many prayers ? 27.
Will he speak to thee gentle words ?

4. Make with thee a pact ? 28.
Consent to be thy serf for aye ?

5. Wilt toy with him as a bird ? 29.
Or cage him for thy maidens ?

6. For him will the fishers trade ? 30.
'Mongst merchants portion him ?

7. With barbed steel wilt seam his skin ? 31.
Or with fisher-spears his head ?

8. Lay thine hand upon him ; 32.
The duel conned thou 'lt tempt no more.

(Heb. XLI.)

9. Lo, thy conceit deluded ! v. 1.
O'erwhelms not e'en his look ?

10. To stir him none has mettle ; 2.
Who then against " Me " will take stand ?

11. To whom owe " I " return for gifts ? 3.
All beneath the wide heavens is " Mine."

12. Of his parts " I " 'll tell, 4.
Of his strength and structure fair.

13. His garment's edge who's raised ? 5.
Who'll enter his double jaw ?

14. Who's ope'd the doors of his face ? 6.
Terror is round his teeth.

v. 15. Superb th' array of his scales 7.
Packed like seals set fast ;
16. Each so nigh to its neighbour, 8.
That 'tween them no breath can pass.
17. They cleave one to the other, 9.
Adhere, and cannot be sundered.
18. His snortings flash forth light ; 10.
Of dawn his eyes seem th' eyelids.
19. From his mouth go burning torches ; 11.
Sparks of fire leap forth to freedom ;
20. And his nostrils belch forth smoke, 12.
Like pots blown on rush.
21. His breath kindles living coals, 13.
And from his mouth shoots flame.
22. In his neck there dwells strength, 14.
And before him springs up fear,
23. His fleshy flakes join closely ; 15.
Firm on him they ne'er vibrate
24. Firm is his heart as marble. 16.
Firm as th' under-millstone.
25. Let him rise up—the bravest quake, 17.
And fly distraught with terrors.
26. In vain 'gainst him strives the smiter's 18.
sword,
Strive spear, dart, and mail.

v. 27. He counts iron as straw, 19.
And brass as rotten wood.

28. To make him flee fails the arrow ; 20.
On him sling-stones turn to stubble.

29. Clubs as stubble count ; 21.
He mocks the tossing spear.

30. Sharp potsherds he wears 'neath him ; 22.
Like th' harrow stamps the mire ;

31. Makes depths as caldrons boil, 23.
As the ointment pot, the sea.

32. He leaves a shining track ; 24.
The deep seems grown hoar.

33. There's none like him on earth, 25.
That's born to know no fear.

34. All that is high he eyes, 26.
Of every proud beast monarch.

## CHAPTER XLII.

v. 1. Then Job answered Jehovah and said :

2. I know that " Thou " canst all things ;
No purpose " Thine " can be restrained.

CH. XLII.

v. 3. " Who then with ignorance dims wisdom . . . ?"
Yea, I've spok'n of things b'yond my ken ;
Wonders far surpassing all I knew.
4. " Now list'n, Thou, and I will speak " ;
" I'll ask Thee : do Thou answer."
5. Erst mine ear had heard of " Thee " ;
But now mine eye has seen " Thee."
6. Hence I retract, repenting
In dust and in ashes.